

The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1888.

NUMBER 426.

CONQUEST.

And now that I have it, what is it worth,
The good that I stole for yesterday?
The wish has outgrown it. Lay it away.
Ashes to ashes—earth to earth.

What is it worth, do I scornful say?
The power from the force of patience wrought,
The clearer vision, the broader thought,
The purpose that thrills my soul today?

The victory that we sought is not
The noblest triumph that is won.
Greater by far, when all is done,
The inward grace that came unsought.

I may miss the goal for which I run,
But what does it matter? I shall win
The strength of a braver aim, wherein
Tomorrow's race shall be begun.

—Thomas H. Muzzey in Frank Leslie's.

LIGHT WEIGHT GOLD COINS.

Laws Which Prevent Them from Being Redeemed—One Man's Experience.

"When is \$5 not \$5?" was the conundrum hurled at the head of a reporter by Edwin L. Abbott. He is a well known attorney, active in politics and the brother of ex-Governor Leon Abbott, of New Jersey. When the reporter had confessed that he was ignorant enough to believe that \$5 was always \$5, he replied: "Not if it is light weight. Let me tell you a story of my experience with a \$5 gold piece. Mind you, it was a gold piece—the coin of the realm. It had been given me by a client, with a number of other pieces and some paper money. I don't know at what bank he procured it, but I know that he went to some bank to get the cash for me and returned with this piece among others. The banks pay them out, but they don't take them in when they know it, as I found out later. There is a restaurant near my place of business where I have little business transactions occasionally with the proprietor or the man behind the counter. During the day this \$5 gold piece went over that counter. The handsome young man with the white apron belated it in his palm for a moment and then handed it back, saying: 'It's light weight, sir; we can't pass them.' I was staggered. I thought \$5 gold piece was good for something for its intrinsic value at least. But after satisfying myself that it was light weight, I put it back into my pocket and paid the bill out of other funds.

"It occurred to me that I ought to test the passing qualities of the coin once more, so I tried it at the cigar store on my way up Broadway. It was no go. Then I sallied into the Park National bank. I told the cashier frankly that I understood the coin to be light weight, and asked him to give me its value. 'We can't do anything with it,' said he. But he suggested that I might be relieved at the sub-treasury. By this time I was somewhat mad, and I determined to follow that \$5 gold piece to some kind of a resting place if it took all day. At the treasury there was less encouragement than any place I had yet entered. They said they could not exchange it or redeem it or do anything with it. This struck me as a strange condition of things. As I went along Nassau street in a brown study my eye happened to light on the sign of an office on John street. There is an announcement there that old gold will be bought. I walked in and held out the coin. 'It's short weight,' was all I said. 'So I see,' said the man in attendance, as he held it in his hand. 'What can you do with it?' I asked. 'Melt it,' was his reply. He gave me \$4.70 for it, the value of the gold.

"Curiosity possessed me to know what would be done with it. He said the gold would be used for manufacturing purposes. Then it struck me that there is somewhere on the statute books an iron clad law that no United States coin shall be melted up for manufacturing purposes under heavy penalties. I looked the law up. There it is, in old law, very old, but I believe still in force. If I am correct, it is a very serious situation. The government is sanctioning it. It says it shall be of such a weight, but it must necessarily get worn and abraded in constant circulation. Then it says it shall not be redeemable in any way, shall become worthless in circulation because it is not redeemable, and yet shall not be converted into anything else. My gold piece bore date of 1847. I think on the whole I prefer greenbacks to coin, especially short weight coin."—New York Tribune.

Queer Names in Chili.

In Chili, as in all other Spanish-American countries, every man and woman is named after the saint whose anniversary is nearest the day on which they were born, and that saint is expected to look after the welfare of those christened in his or her honor. These names sound fine in Spanish, but when they come to be translated into unpoetic English, there is an oddity, and often something comical about them. For example, the name of the recent president of Chili is Domingo Santa Maria, which being interpreted means "Sunday St. Mary." The name of the president of Ecuador is Jesus Mary Camamayo (apple), and that of the governor of the province of Valparaiso is "Sunday Bull" (Domingo Torres). The use of the Saviour's name is common, even upon the signs of stores and saloons in cities, and in the nomenclature of the streets. I met a girl once whose name was Dolores Digerier (Sorrowful Stomach).—Harper's Magazine.

Survey and Census of India.

The results of the survey and last census of India are that the area of the peninsula of Hindostan is 1,382,024 square miles and the population 253,891,821. Although immense tracts of country are annually cultivated, according to the most recent survey 10,000,000 acres of land suitable for cultivation have not as yet been plowed. At the same time 120,000,000 of acres are returned as waste lands.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Darky Superstition About Alligators.

A stranger at Lake Como reports that he was punning the old darky, Dave Washington, the other day, for a superstition regarding alligators and their nests, when Dave gave him the following advice: "When you find a nest, mind you don't touch de middle egg. Dat's de king egg. Ef you touch it, it rings out loud like a bell, and de old 'gator'll come and get you shot!"—Savannah News.

The population of Great Britain is increasing at the rate of 1,000 a day.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BABIES.

Events Which Bring Good Luck—The First Tooth—An Incident.

Receiving the card of a little stranger who had arrived at the home of a friend a few weeks before, we hastened at once to bear our greeting gift and congratulations, and were about entering baby's room when we were met by the head nurse, a good, comfortable looking Scotch woman, who would on no account allow us to come in without first removing our gloves and veils.

"Surely the bonny bit laddie would-na hae luck at a," she said, as she watched us divest ourselves of the objectionable articles; "and now you maun a mak a guid wish for baith soul and body when you tak him in your arms."

We willingly complied with this request, and delighted her beyond all reason by accidentally giving the child his full name as he opened his eyes and gazed into vacancy, although apparently at us.

"Indeed, mistress, he is sure to be a credit to his father and the kirk, forby the guid luck that maun follow a child that answers sae readily to his name!"

We laughed at the old woman's fancies, but ever since have been tempted to do as she bade us, when calling upon a new baby. Surely it can do no harm to make a good wish, and as for the gloves and veil, the ceremony of removing is a cautious as well as comfortable one.

It is believed by many that if a child cries at its birth and lifts up only one hand, it is born to command.

It is thought very unlucky not to weigh the baby before it is dressed. When first dressed the clothes should not be put on over the head, but drawn on over the feet, for luck.

When first taken from the room in which it was born it must be carried upstairs before down, so that it will rise in the world. In any case, it must be carried upstairs or up the street, not down stairs or down the street, the first time it is taken out.

It is also considered in England and Scotland unlucky to cut the baby's nails or hair before it is 12 months old. The sap from the ash tree is always given to a newborn Highland baby; first, because it is a powerful antiseptic, and second, because it is supposed to possess the property of resisting the attacks of witches, fairies and other imps of darkness that might change the child.

Another Scotch custom is to put a gold coin in the fingers of a baby as soon as dressed. If the child claps it tightly, then it is considered "unco' canny," and no fear is felt of its worldly estate. In many parts of both England and Scotland at the present time a new baby is presented with an egg, which represents both meat and drink, salt, which savors everything, bread, the staff of life, matches to light it through the world, and a coin, that it may never want money.

In Durham, England, a piece of christening cake is hidden under the child's robe and given to the first person of the opposite sex met on coming out of church after baptism. If twins, or more than one child are brought for baptism at the same time, the boy must be first presented, or else it is—or was—believed that he would have no beard, and that the girls would be beggars.

It is thought to be very lucky for a child to cry at baptism.

In Scotland bread and cheese were as an offering. And in the North Riding a roll of new bread, a pint of salt, and a new silver fourpenny piece were offered to every baby on its first visit to a friend, by the friend.

A seventh daughter is said to possess curing power, and always makes a good nurse.

When the baby cuts his first tooth it should be rubbed with gold, and the nurse, as well as the person discovering the tooth, must be presented with a gift, no matter how small. Parted teeth are a sign of good luck and riches to come.

Be sure and let the baby have or touch the thing he starts after when he takes his first step, even if it is the moon, he must be let touch something—then he will always get his wishes.

He should be taken into the sunlight for the first time on a Sabbath day, put into short clothes, and in fact all changes made upon that day.

A good example of how far the old beliefs and superstitions of our grandmothers are regarded by the men of this generation is pleasantly illustrated in the following conversation overheard at one of the elevated stations in New York city: A child, who was in charge of its grandmother and mother, gave vent to a hearty sneeze, and immediately the grandmother said, "God bless the baby!" whereupon the mother, a stylish New York girl, answered, "Oh, you dear old fashioned grandmamma, God bless the baby all the time!"—Harper's Bazar.

Fishing Out a Nickel.

"Say, Jimmy, do you see de nickel?" said a newboy to another as they stood over a grating in Spruce street, beneath which a shining nickel lay.

The discovery attracted a crowd of youngsters. All had suggestions to offer as to how to secure the coin. The grating was so fine that they could not use their hands to reach the nickel, and they could think of no plan to get it. A suggestion to ask permission from the owner of the store to go down the cellar and get it was scouted. The boys were afraid that he would get it. Finally one of the boys withdrew and returned with a lath tipped with tar. He poked it down the grating, and in a second had the coin in his possession.—New York Evening Sun.

The Remains of Napoleon III.

Preparations are being made at the Chiselhurst Roman Catholic church for the removal of the sarcophagus of the late Emperor Napoleon III and the body of the late prince imperial to the new mausoleum which ex-Empress Eugenie has built at Farnborough. As at present arranged, the emperor's coffin is to be removed from the sarcophagus, and to remain at Chiselhurst for a few weeks, while the tomb itself is being placed in the mausoleum. The sarcophagus (which the queen has presented to the ex-empress, and is to contain the prince's coffin) is already in its position at Farnborough.—Chicago Tribune.

The Prince of Wales is the honorary admiral of the British fleet.

The Ypsilantian.

OUR FLAG IS STILL THERE.

The Ypsilanti Baptistised with Fire and with Water, but Survives the Ordeal.

Last Monday night, while the editors of this paper were sleeping the sleep of the just, after the labors of the local option campaign, their office was falling a prey to the fiery fiend, and but for the good services of Cornwell Fire Company would have been totally destroyed. The fire was first discovered a little before 11 o'clock, in an unoccupied chamber over the rear room of the office. There was at that time no fire in our rooms; but before it had been subdued it had burned away considerable floor and roof, and destroyed considerable paper stock and disabled the presses in the office. Much of the other property was damaged by water, and the value of the newspaper type destroyed in process of removal.

The loss is covered by insurance, and there will be no interruption in the issue of the paper. We are able to get out this issue by drawing upon our job type, and availing ourselves of the courtesies of our neighbors of the Commercial and the Sentinel. It is only possible to present a portion of the advertisements this week, as the advertising type is all gone; but we shall be fully equipped next week, and will make amends.

It is not certain how the fire originated. The aspect of the fire when first discovered suggested incendiarism. The chamber had a window opening into the alley, and the sash was entirely gone; and the room was entirely unused. The fire appeared in the lower rooms later. There was found, however, a beam built into the brick partition wall, near where a stove-pipe passed through the wall, and that beam was partially burned. We are disposed to accept the theory that that beam had become charred by the heat of the pipe, and a spark had generated and communicated with the lath attached to it, and so reached the chamber, two feet above.

It certainly did not start from a defective chimney, as some one reported to a Detroit paper. The chimney is not defective, and is on the opposite side of the room from where the fire was. We are glad not to be compelled to think that the fire was the result of malignancy, though it would make no difference whatever with the course of this paper if we did think so.

Miss Viola Hoffman occupied the upper front rooms of the building as dressmaking and living rooms, and suffered some damage in the hasty removal of property. Mr. Post's loss on building is covered by insurance.

Died.

Mrs. Mary A. Post, widow of William R. Post and mother of Samuel and Helen Post and Mrs. Edmund Hewitt, died on Monday morning of last week, in her 85th year. Funeral services were held at St. Luke's church, Thursday morning. A more extended notice will appear next week.

Mrs. Frank Shurregar, formerly well known here as Miss Julia Boyle, died quite suddenly at her home in Jackson, last Friday morning, of inflammation of the lungs. She was only 32 two days, and a telegram announcing her death was the first intelligence received here. Mrs. John Wise, Mrs. Albert Stuck, Mrs. W. W. Worden, and Mrs. Joseph Remington, are sisters of the deceased, and John Boyle, the only brother, died a year or two ago. The remains were brought here and placed in the vault.

"AWAKE, FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND."

These first words of Christ's public ministry were chosen as his text by Bishop Harris, at St. Luke's church, last Sunday. The word "Repent," with which the passage begins in our English version, he said, was an inadequate translation, and failed to convey the meaning of the original, which he paraphrased with "Awake! trans-form yourselves in your hearts." It was thus a glad, and not a gloomy, message—a pointing upward to the light and gladness, and not downward to the darkness and misery that prevailed on every side. This was the divine way. It tells us there are two kingdoms—the kingdom of the world, and the kingdom of heaven—and they are not separated by distance. The kingdom of heaven is at hand, it is about you, it includes all this world, however blind to it and its beauties and glories some may be. It alone can satisfy the soul. None who seek wealth, or fame, or power, ever feel that they have attained their quest. Their thirst is never satisfied; but the deepest need of the human heart is fully met by the other.

He prefaced his sermon by a hearty recognition of the pastorate of Mr. MacLean, which closed with that service, and congratulated the parish on its fruits, and admonished them to honor his labor by perpetuating the proofs of its value.

Following the sermon, the Bishop administered the rite of confirmation to a class of eighteen, many of them adults, and two of them colored.

In the afternoon the Bishop accompanied Mr. MacLean to Belleville, where the rite of confirmation was administered to six others.

The Eastern Michigan Poultry Breeders' Association will meet at the Ypsilanti Savings Bank Saturday evening, March 3, at 7:30 o'clock. As business of an important nature is to come before the association, a large meeting is desired.

VERY, VERY WET.

Washtenaw County Increases Her Majority for the Saloon, and stands alone among Michigan Counties.

All the Other Counties Go Dry.

The election in this county was a surprise to both parties in the size of the majority. Our figures make it 1747 wet, against 880 a year ago, though other reports make it about a hundred less than ours. We are not surprised that the majority is that way, but we are surprised that it is so large. The saloon had better organization and more money, and did more work, than the "temperancers." The day was bitter cold, and the roads very rough, and the vote in many towns was light. The saloon party suffered less from these causes than their opponents. The total vote in the county was only 532 less than on the amendment. The 4th ward, of Ann Arbor and the 5th ward of Ypsilanti made a large increase in their vote. In the ward here, at any rate, the vote was swelled by the ballots of men who had no right to vote.

Below are the figures compared with the amendment vote last year:

Amendment, 1877, Local option, 1888.	Dry Wet	Dry Wet
Ann Arbor—Dry Wet	124 240	65 250
24 ward—	31 283	252 28 500
3d ward—	91 222	125 98 235
4th ward—	119 198	82 126 305
5th ward—	61 112	51 43 131
6th ward—	105 87 109	172 46 126
City—	646 1113	367 683 1283
Town—	103 193	91 81 187
Ann Arbor—	232 141 91	210 138 73
Bridgewater—	84 167	89 69 134
Dexter—	14 101	47 34 81
Freedom—	14 28	3 40 79
Lima—	89 138	59 50 147
Lodi—	75 77	175 39 292
London—	23 103	2 40 79
Manchester—	174 374	290 159 312
Northfield—	93 168	63 78 209
Pittsfield—	106 169	3 35 92
Salmon—	176 117 68	180 89 70
Salmon—	214 279	61 138 317
Scioto—	112 147	16 82 145
Sharon—	124 183	8 84 121
Sylvan—	235 287	8 24 269
Webster—	119 67 62	103 55 48
Ypsilanti—	182 15 107	127 63 74
1st ward—	159 113 46	153 101 32
2d ward—	124 183	8 84 121
3d ward—	135 75 80	132 73 59
4th ward—	65 123	58 55 108
5th ward—	124 183	8 84 121
City—	591 534 57	529 536 3
County—	4110 4959	889 5413 5102

Berrien and Emmet counties held their election Tuesday, and joined the dry column by 525 in the former and 700 in the latter.

The vote in Jackson county yesterday was close, but a dry majority of one or two hundred is claimed. The city went 1847 wet.

Mason county gave a small dry majority.

Iosco county went wet by five or six hundred. This 82 counties have voted dry, and 2 wet.

High School Notes.

Several of the seniors are making up their first years work.

Misses Maggie and Mollie Wise visited the school Tuesday. Miss Maggie graduated from the school in '86 and is at present teaching in Charlotte.

Miss Kate McKann of Wayne visited the school Wednesday with her cousin Miss Hamner.

The classes in Literature and beginning Algebra are at present having two recitations a day to make up last time.

Prof. Shepherd has been laid up two days this week with a hard cold—quite a common complaint. Prof. Hopkins is not yet able to attend school but hopes to be next week. During his absence Miss Mollie Wortley is teaching the beginning Latin class.

Miss Buck, teacher of the Sciences in Kalamazoo high school visited the Chemistry class Friday. Prof. Shepherd made some very fine experiments in electricity. Boils are very stylish in the school this year. Mr. Louis Roberts is the present victor.

Normal Items.

W. J. McKone, '87, was at school, Friday.

The heater received at the Museum last week proves to be a remarkably fine specimen. It was 54 lbs.

Miss Maggie Wise, '87, who is teaching at Charlotte, visited us Monday.

J. H. Hanford is seen at the Normal this week.

Miss Laura Pullen was called to Charlotte, Monday, by the illness of a sister.

Miss Margaret Gilbert has charge of the beginning French class during the absence of Prof. Lodeman.

The Seniors are canvassing for class president. It looks now as if, in deference to leap-year, the ladies would have the choice. The lady most prominently mentioned as a candidate, would assuredly adorn and honor the position.

There is much complaint and criticism over the fact that the Detroit morning papers are no longer taken at the Normal, and that no dailies are accessible.

T. L. Evans stopped off here on his way to the Danquet at Detroit, the 22d. He reports pleasant and appreciative patrons.

Rawsonville.

Mrs. E. D. Owen has returned from Detroit where she has been visiting the past two weeks.

The Huron was nearly up to high water mark Saturday.

YE BALLAD OF YE FIRE.

It was night in Ypsilanti,
A night of gloom and noise,
For the dynamo had "busted,"
And the street was full of boys.
It was after the election,
And the echoes of the fray,
Lingered on the frosty night air,
Fierce, and loth to die away.
But at length the din subsided,
And a grateful hush ensued,
Soothing all the frenzied pulses
Of the daylight's fiercer mood.
And the city slept in quiet,
While the watchman paced his beat,
Creeping ghost-like through the silence
Of the lately-crowded street.

When a toil-bated druggist,
With his inventory clerk,
Over stock of pills and plasters
Sitting patiently at work,
Saw an unaccustomed glimmer
And a sudden flash of light,
O'er The Ypsilanti office,
Streaming out upon the night.
Swift as thought the clerk proceeded
To investigate the same;
And he found an open window,
And a pretty lively flame
Made instantaneous "pi!"
But, with the foreman, order
Came in the zeal to guide,
And the treasures of the sanctum
Were safely put aside.

The city's fire-department
Was up and dressed on time,
And the way they quenched that wicked
blaze
Defies the power of rhyme,
Henceforth, O valiant firemen,
With sneers and insults sore,
The slanders borne so meekly
Shall utterance find no more.

Ah, there was fell disorder
Revealed by morning light,
And the sanctum of ye editors—
It was a sorry sight!
The dailies and the weeklies
Drowned in one common flood,
And ice and wreck and ruin
Where the mighty presses stood
Then the grave insurance agents
Came and looked upon the scene,
And the editors were thankful
When they thought what might have been.

All the people came together,
Warm friends far and near,
And the loss and trouble lessened
With their words of hope and cheer.
Then the composit' nimble fingers
Set the copy as it grew,
And filled the broken columns
With items old and new.
By the Sentinel's good graces
The paper went to press;
And here's your Ypsilanti
In an unfamiliar dress.

This is the doleful ballad
Of the fire-fiend's deadly torch,
And this the tale authentic
Of the Ypsilanti's scorch.

Nuptial.

Mr. C. A. Nims of this city, and Miss Jennie Campbell of Ypsilanti township, were married at the residence of the bride's father, David A. Campbell, Wednesday evening, Feb. 23, Rev. T. W. MacLean officiating.

On the same evening, at the rectory of St. Luke's church, Mr. MacLean celebrated the ceremony which united Darwin C. Griffen, esq., of this city, and Miss Almira Barlow of Ypsilanti township, for the life journey that lies before them. One peculiarity of these events will be the rarity with which their anniversaries will occur. They must journey together a hundred years before they can see their twentieth anniversary, and will possibly never have a silver wedding.

More Pedagogues.

The following are names of teachers licensed at examination February 17: Stella Tate, Mabel E. Wallace, Millie Tremper, Nellie M. Horner, Josephine Hoppe, Cora M. Gorton, Maggie Doll, Arthur L. Boyden, Henry Wilson, Mary Hoppe, Anna B. Wiles, Mary Kalmbach, May A. Dachsner, Della Norbet, Anna L. Green, Lillie M. Beam.

The Michigan Central's Niagara.

The Michigan Central does not assume the ownership of Niagara Falls, but it does offer to its passengers from its station at Falls View, the grandest and most comprehensive spectacle that the great cataract affords. It is the only road that runs directly by the falls, and from this point all parts of the cataract, the angry rapids above and the boiling cauldron below, are in full view. At this season, when the cliffs are hung with gigantic icicles, and the trees and shrubbery curious formations of frozen spray, the scene reaches, in the language of Bayard Taylor, "the climax of beauty."

Closely following the salutary sentence of the scoundrel in Detroit under the "age of consent" law, Judge Buck, at Kalamazoo, Tuesday, sentenced a man to 50 years at Jackson for an outrage upon a 9-year-old child.

Call on E. M. Comstock & Co. for your spring carpet.

Get your curtain shades and lace curtains of E. M. Comstock & Co.

She Blushed.

awfully when I told her what to do for those horrid pimples with which her face was covered. She now says if you want a pink and white complexion with a nice clear smooth skin, you must use that best of all blood purifiers, Sulphur Bitters.

36 inch dress goods for 25 cents at Comstock & Co.

For SALE CHEAP.—Four or five grade Jerseys, kind and young. New milch. LOUIS P. HALL, Ann Arbor, Mich. 2628*

36 inch dress goods for 25 cents at Comstock & Co.

Personal.

Mrs. Teeple who has been sick for about two weeks is reported as much improved. Private advice as to the effect that Theodore H. Holmes formerly of this city, is luxuriating among the oranges of Riverside, Cal., at good wages. Life's highway becomes very smooth when there are good wages, plenty of oranges, and good beef.

Mr. Peter Martin, our old townsman, is getting rich, dealing in real estate at Riverside. The Ypsilantian extends its congratulations.

Mr. C. F. Comstock will start next Monday for New York to buy spring goods. Look out for the bargains on his return.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of this city spend a few days this week at Reading, Mich., visiting friends.

J. E. Beal, editor of the A. A. Courier, paid this office a visit Monday. As between the editing of a paper and his large business interests outside he manages to keep very busy.

The many friends of Mrs. Dr. Owen will be pleased to learn that all indications point to complete restoration.

Donald Markland is the name of the young gentleman who appeared at St. Luke's rectory on the 5th ult., and has since been protesting in no gentle tones that he does not want to go to Bay City. Ypsilanti suits him quite well, and he prefers to stay here.

We learn that F. C. Moriarty who recently opened a law office in this city, has been very sick for several days, but is now about again. He leaves to-day for the home of his parents in Lenawee county when he will remain till fully recovered.

Mr. C. S. Smith returned Tuesday evening from a visit with his mother in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Corrie Howland left this morning for a visit with friends in New York city.

Miss Alice Densmore left Wednesday for two weeks visit at Mason.

Mr. E. H. Casler has gone to Binghamton, N. Y., where he will soon be duly initiated into the mysteries of confectionery manufacture.

Mr. C. A. Mapes formerly a townsman, is spending a few days in the city, stopping with Mr. Jay Worden.

Tully Woodruff must be going to the bad, up north, or he would make his paper better. He said last week that the Pioneer childing the Democrat was "like Satan rebuking sin." If the Democrat is sin, it doesn't help it any that the Pioneer is Satan, and we hope Tully will reform, right away.

One of our townsmen who is engaged extensively in the egg business, finds it difficult to place his stock on the market at a profit. We note the above to call attention to the fact that sixteen million dozens of eggs were brought into this country from abroad, last year, duty free. If the gentleman referred to will study the question in the light of his present difficulties, he will discover a very clear definition for "free trade," namely, "no trade," especially to Americans in his business.

Because the county did not vote prohibition, is no reason why the present law should not be enforced.

Judging from appearances, some business men forgot that Monday was to go into history as wet or dry.

The fire company are deserving great credit for the promptness and vigor displayed at the fire Monday night. But for their quick response to call, the whole block might have been swept by fire.

Mr. S. T. Gridley and son are billing the country for a stock sale to be held at their farm three and one half miles southwest of this city, Tuesday, March 6. Mr. Gridley has been a careful breeder and has some fine stock for sale.

The next meeting of the Sappho Club will take place on Wednesday evening of next week at the residence of H. P. Glover, and a "Mendelssohn" program will be given.

An old gentleman living near the city has somehow imbibed the idea that work is the only thing that will keep him from going crazy, and cites a case in proof. What a help it would be to the industries of the country, if the younger men should get the same notion into their heads.

The W. C. T. U. will meet Tuesday, March 6th at 3 p. m. with Mrs. Wm. B. Clark, Huron St.

Rev. T. W. MacLean to-day severs his connection with his people and this community where during his ministry he has won so many friends and admirers. While we bid him good bye, with regret, we, at the same time, congratulate the people of Bay City on their valuable acquisition. Mr. MacLean carries with him to his new field the best wishes of the whole community.

On account of the rain the concert and supper to have been given at the M. E. church last Friday evening was very poorly attended and the concert was postponed until Monday evening when it was given to a small audience.

DESOLATION.

Alone I sit in gorgeous state,
And view my gathered treasures rare,
Which seem to me my cruel fate,
My lonely lot, my black and bare.
Within is wealth and warmth and light,
Close curtains from the whistling wind,
That sweeps and swirls with reckless might,
Whose breath brings death to human kind.
But the cold wind of my deep sorrow
Has blighted all my joy of life;
Within my soul no hope is born—
No rest or peace, but savage strife.
And what care I for pride or fame
Since love from out my life is driven?
All, all is but an empty name—
As the prize for which I've striven.
Dead ashes from a deep despair,
A heart burned out by passion's fire—
O God! she was so false, so fair,
And blind was I with fond desire.
I loved with love that never grows old;
My worship followed where she led;
But, weary of a tale oft-told,
She left me—and the world is dead.

BEYOND REACH.

BY J. E.

CHAPTER III.

In the Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.

March set in mild and genial, and then suddenly changed and became intensely cold. Once more the earth was covered with a white fleecy mantle; once more the icicles hung in a thousand queer shapes and forms on the gabled roof of the old hall. Once more the lake at Hadlow was frozen hard, and firm, and smooth, and thither daily came crowds of gaily-dressed girls, to skim and glide over the clear dark surface.

Whyte Melville said that a woman never looks so well as in a riding-habit, but he might have altered his opinion could he have seen Dorothy skimming light as a bird over the frozen waters.

A high linen collar could never show the delicate curve of her cheek to so much advantage as did the dark costly cables that trimmed the ruby velvet dress she wore, or a stiff tall hat frame so becomingly the ruddy burn hair as did the fur-trimmed toque that was perched so coquettishly on her bright head.

Her costume was perfect, tight and trim—no floating ends to endanger the necks and buttons of passers-by.

The short skirt revealed the pretty feet and curving insteps. For was everywhere, save round the slender waist, and the *scotte* graceful figure was set off to infinite advantage by it.

Her eyes were bright with the excitement and pleasure of the exercise, her cheeks softly flushed. Among many pretty girls she was the prettiest, and Jack was decidedly of that opinion as he held her hands and skated swiftly along by her side.

"Miss Hadlow seems to be enjoying herself," remarked Lawrence Hawthorne to his intended.

"Yes; she skates so well, and it is a delightful amusement," and Miss Bingham sighed just a little.

Since she had accepted the Rev. Lawrence Hawthorne she had given up skating and dancing, and sundry other pleasant things, because he told her they were not seemly accomplishments for a clergyman's wife, and loving him dearly and truly, she yielded to his wishes; but as she stood beside him on the bank, chilled and shivering, she was longing to put on her skates and go with a swift rush through the keen exhilarating air.

"Is Jack in love with her?" asked her betrothed after a time, during which he had watched his brother-in-law that he was to be closely.

"I think he is," replied Blanche reluctantly.

"And does she care for him?"

"She must, I am sure. But she is quite unconscious of it."

"Rather unfortunate, if that is the case, that she has promised to marry Lord Yarra."

"Yes, I suppose, though, she must marry him," remarked Miss Bingham reflectively.

"Why?"

"Well, you see, Dorothy having had the bad taste to be a girl instead of a boy, Hadlow Hall and all the other property goes away to a cousin of the squire's."

"The best thing would be, then, to marry her to the cousin."

"No; the squire would never do that; he hates Geoffrey Hadlow too much."

"Then he might have given Jack a chance, especially as they care for each other, and he is well enough off not to be a detrimental. It seems to me to be such an unnatural wicked thing for a parent to force a child into a loveless marriage."

"Ah, you must not blame Mr. Hadlow too much. It is hardly his fault, and certainly not his idea, to marry her to the earl," said Miss Bingham quickly.

"Why the idea is it, then?"

"Lady Lovatt's. When her husband died, three years ago, she came to Hadlow, and soon discovered that her brother was living up to every penny of his income, saving nothing for his daughter, and spending large sums in odd curiosities. She expected him to be a miser, and in vain, finding her lectures and remonstrances of no use, she came to the conclusion that the only chance for her niece was a rich marriage. She invited several noblemen to the Hall. Lord Yarra was the youngest and richest. Finding Dolly was absolutely indifferent to him and his attentions, in his usual way he became mad about her, proposed three times, and was at last accepted by the poor child, who was urged and commanded to do so by her aunt. You know all the Hadlows are brought up to yield implicit obedience to their elders. Dorothy has said 'Yes' because she was told to do it, but she is so young, and has seen so little of the world, that she has no idea what a serious step she has taken, or how terrible a loveless marriage is."

"Poor little thing! I pity her," said Mr. Hawthorne slowly and gently.

"Yes; and I pity her dear Jack!"

"Ah yes! Poor Jack—poor Jack!"

"Are you going up to the Hall again to-day?" asked Miss Bingham the next morning as her brother rose restlessly from the table and flung some bread to the gay-plumaged peacocks that paced up and down the snow-covered terrace below the window.

"Yes. I am going to Dartree first, to get some colts and wools for Dorothy, and then I am going to pass the evening at Hadlow."

"I wish you would not go."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Because you will be sure to get into some mischief."

"I don't think I shall."

"You are sure of it?"

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed in dismay.

Jack's voice and manner were curt almost disagreeable. He was always so amiable and lovable that his sister glanced at him in surprise.

But one look at his haggard face showed her how much he suffered, and she answered very gently:

"Because it would be very much better for you not to see so much of Dorothy. You know it is a hopeless case—that she must marry another man."

"I have promised to go to-day."

"Send an excuse."

"What can I say?"

"Let me write and say you are not well," she cried eagerly.

"Dorothy will know it is not true."

"How can she? You might have caught cold skating last night. And believe me, dear Jack, your only chance of getting over this hopeless love is not to see the object of it. Keep aloof from her, and time will cure you, soften down the bitterness of your regret."

"Be it as you will, then," said the young man, throwing himself into an armchair by the fire, and staring moodily at the glowing embers.

But as he gazed he knew that neither time nor absence could cure his love for Lord Yarra's promised wife.

Miss Hadlow was greatly distressed to hear of Jack's indisposition, sent every day to know how he was, and at the end of a week came down to the village herself to see him.

Miss Bingham had gone to the village to take tea and fannel and other comforts to her rheumatic and crippled old woman; Mr. Bingham was in his study writing a sermon for the following Sunday; so Dorothy had the field clear and no one to interfere between her and Jack. And somehow or other Jack was wonderfully well—so well that he was able to see her home by a very roundabout way, and promised to come up to the Hall shortly.

And sure enough the next night saw him seated in the cosy room etching grotesque figures on a fan. Dorothy was reclining in a great easy-chair, with Lady Lovatt's little girl asleep in her arms.

"He has not been well to-day," she explained when he came in; "she won't stay with any one else. I have coaxed her to sleep now, but you must be very quiet; I don't want her to wake."

"I will hardly breathe, and only talk in a whisper," murmured Bingham as he crept across the room like a mouse, and sat near the table facing his pretty hostess.

"I am so glad you are well again," she observed after a while, letting her eyes dwell with unconscious fondness on his handsome face, "and to see you here again."

"So am I," he replied without looking at her.

"I don't believe you are."

"I am though, really."

Then they were silent for a long time.

Dorothy sat there gazing dreamily before her, the fire glowing on her sweet winsome face, and he, looking up from his etching, thought it was for all the world as though they were husband and wife, and the child whose curly head rested so lovingly against her breast his—his and hers. How he wished it was so—that it could come to pass, and she be his very own—his wife! And yet—and yet what a barrier lay between them—what an impassable chasm! The difference of birth and blood might be bridged over, he thought, but the fact that she belonged to another man—how could he get over that?

The flower he longed to gather and wear in his bosom was "beyond reach"—as far above him as the stars that shine in the summer sky. But poor Jack sat there in the cheerless fire-light, looking and longing for what never would come to pass. Of what was she dreaming, he wondered? Her face wore a faraway look. Was she thinking of the man who was to be her husband? Or could she be thinking of him?

A mad reluctant hope stirred within his breast.

Did she love him?

He leant forward to get a better view of the witching face. A great yearning came into his eyes, and Dorothy turning suddenly, and meeting them, said merrily:

"How serious you look, dear boy! A penny for your thoughts."

"They are not worth a penny," replied the young man moodily.

"That is for me to decide. You are thinking of me."

"And if I were?"

"Well, if you were, I insist upon being told. Tell me, Jack," she added with a pretty, half-pleading, half-impassioned gesture.

"Well, if you will know, I was wondering why you are going to marry Lord Yarra."

"Were you?" she asked, a shadow falling on her bright face; "chiefly because my father and aunt desire it."

"Do you love him?"

There was a suppressed eagerness in his voice which he vainly tried to conceal.

"No, I don't love him," replied the girl slowly.

"Then I don't think you ought to marry him."

"Aunt Elinor says it doesn't matter in the least whether I do or not, as I am sure to grow to love him after we are married."

"And do you think you will?"

"I don't know—I can't tell," and Miss Hadlow lifted her innocent eyes and looked at Jack, who restlessly pushed aside the fan he was decorating with rose and stood looking down in her clear soft orbs.

"If you can't tell it looks to me as though there is a little chance of your ever growing to care for him," he observed after awhile.

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed in dismay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Austin Corbin, president of the Reading company, is nearly six feet tall, broad-shouldered, and weighs over two hundred pounds. Mr. Corbin maintains three different residences the year round—one in New York, one in Philadelphia, and the others at Babylon, L. I.

Rev. Mr. Lloyd was asked to preside at a meeting of the Nineteenth Century club in New York in the place of Col. Robert Ingersoll; but declined on the plea that he did not wish to serve as the colonel's substitute in this world or the next.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

REGULARITY IN FEEDING.

In short days and cold weather too many farmers neglect the regular times for feeding stock, and greatly to their injury. When animals become accustomed to eating at regular hours they are quiet between times, digesting their food better, and having less temptation to surfeit themselves by overeating when their fast is broken.

THE RICHEST MANURE.

One of the points in favor of feeding linseed meal is that it makes a richer manure than any of the grains. This and cotton-seed meal make excellent manure, and thus repay the farmer a large part of the expense of feeding. Of the other grains wheat and oats make richer manure than corn. Beans make excellent manure but can be fed only to sheep.

FEED FOR BREEDING SOWS.

Breeding sows should have no corn. It does not furnish the bone material for the pigs the sow is carrying, and therefore only serves to make her too fat and the pigs weakly. Oat meal is excellent, though that with highly bred sows is too fattening. Milk with dish-water from the house, given warm with bran, will be the best feed both for the sow and for the pigs she is to farrow in the Spring.

CLEANING THE CELLAR.

Farmers' cellars are the receptacle of a great amount of vegetable matter, roots, fruit and other stuff liable to decay. It is a great mistake, for health's sake, to leave all this until the Spring cleaning. All kinds of vegetables will keep enough better for having their decaying specimens assorted out to pay for the trouble. Generally, too, in doing this, the farmer can learn some important lessons about the right temperature at which to have his cellars kept for different kinds of vegetables.

SNOW-SHOES FOR WINTER TRAVEL.

The snow-shoe is an Indian invention, and adapted to travel through unbroken woods when deep snows cover the surface of the ground. Wherever beaten paths are made they are not only useless but an incumbrance. It is hard walking with them, as their broad surface makes extra labor for the muscles of the foot and ankle. And yet, for travelling across fields where the natural size of the boot and foot breaks through the crust at every step, the Indian snow-shoe proves a welcome help, enabling the walker to make better time with lighter labor.

WEEDS IN HAY.

Hungry animals can be made to eat even weeds, but it is poor economy to force them to do it. Some weeds have, however, considerable nutritive value. The plantain is nearly as rich as meadow hay, and the white daisy is theoretically worth half as much. The greatest nuisance of weeds in hay is that their seeds pass undigested into the manure heap, and are thus spread everywhere. It is indeed hard luck to a farmer who is unable to draw a load of manure on his land without raising the question whether the weeds he disseminates do not offset the good that the manure itself should do.

WHOLE GRAIN FOR POWLS.

The digestion of fowls is strong, especially if they have an out-of-door run where they can get gravel or sand with which to grind their food. Whole grain is generally better for them than any ground feed. Sometimes screenings containing weed seed are ground so that they may not pass into the manure heap. There is a little danger of this if poultry eats them, though if the fowls are fed as they should be, they will refuse to eat many kinds of weed seed. It does not pay to try to force hens to eat what is distasteful. Whole grain will give enough more eggs to pay for its extra cost.

STOPPING SEVERE BLEEDING.

If a person or any kind of animal is badly injured and copious bleeding follows, it is often a difficult matter to stop the flow. If an artery is cut bind the limb closely between the cut and the heart, and the bleeding will soon cease. Other blood letting does little injury, though few now believe it has the beneficial effect that old-fashioned doctors used to ascribe to it. Blood is apt to be the most severe in cold weather, as the albumen in the blood does not so quickly turn hard. Small cuts if washed in almost hot water soon form a scab over them, and applying a hot cloth to them serves the same purpose. It hardens the albumen by warmth, just as the white of an egg is made solid by cooking.

CHANGING POULTRY.

Thoroughbred poultry may be, and indeed must be, inbred to a certain extent. But even with this good breeders are careful so far as possible to select different families so that cock and hen shall not be nearly related to each other. But in most farmers' hands this highly bred poultry is crossed and mixed with other breeds, and thus becomes a mongrel, combining bad qualities of both sides. The only way to prevent this is by resolutely killing off the roosters every Fall, and supplying their places with cocks of thorough breed of some kind. It is generally best to keep on in the same strain as the crossing was begun, making the chicks three-quarters or seven-eighths full blood, which for practical use will be as good as thoroughbreds, except for breeding.

COWS EATING AT THE MANURE PILE.

Cows eaten in winter develop a strangely depraved taste in picking over piles of horse manure for hay and even straw soiled by the urine. They will do this even when fed enough of fresh material of the same kind. It is probably the slightly saline taste that attracts the cow to this unnatural food. If salt does not cure her of it, add a little bone meal and ashes. It is undoubtedly mineral of some kind that the cow is seeking. While bearing young there is a great demand from the cow for bone food to properly form the calf. It is chiefly cows fed on corn.

stalks that develop this taste. Hay, especially clover, has more lime and phosphate, and it should always be a part of the winter ration of cows that are to calve in the spring.

LEARNING TO PRUNE TREES.

There is not much weather in winter when work in the orchard is possible. Occasionally, however, a day can be given for pruning, and in the meantime farmers will do well to study the habits of different varieties and learn what kind of pruning is best. Every experienced fruit-grower knows that the same treatment is not needed for the Russet as for the Northern Spy apple. Some varieties of pears, as the Seckel, when grown as a standard, will need very little pruning except a slight thinning out in the middle. Others require to be cut at all the leading branches every year, or they will soon lower far above convenient reach.

Some of our strong-growing varieties of grapes need to have more wood left on than would be advisable for a Delaware or Catawba. In many places grape pruning is left altogether to Germans, who have learned this business in their native land. The vine-grower who thus resigns his favorite vines to other hands needs also to interpose a caution as regards some of them. German methods of vineyard pruning reduce each grape vine to a short stem not over three or four feet high, with two to five or six buds on the upper end, from which next year's foliage and fruit are to be grown. Our native grapes will not endure such close cutting. They must have more room, or if not the vine will become unhealthy, and mildew, rot or phylloxera will destroy either fruit or vine or both.

To the Fire-Flies.

[The following poem from the pen of John Carlin, a former pupil in the Minnesota School for the Deaf, and now a miniature painter in New York City. Mr. Carlin was born deaf, and taking this fact into consideration his command of rhyme and metre are remarkable.]

"Ye sparkles, bright and gay,
Still nestling in your lair!
The twilight glories fade away,
And Gloam pervades the air.
Come, then, ye merry elves of light,
Illuminate the tranquil night,
While low and high ye blithely fly,
Fitting meteors 'neath the sky.
The twinkling stars appear anon,
Shine feebly from on high;
The humble glow-worms hasten on
To bear them company.
O come ye lusty sylphs of night,
Display with them your fairy light,
While low and high ye blithely fly,
Fitting meteors 'neath the sky.
The trees are hushed, the streamlet's still,
The frogs their virgils keep;
The nodding grain on yonder hill
And flowers together sleep.
O rise, ye sprightly fides of fire,
This slumbering scene with life inspire,
While low and high ye blithely fly,
Fitting meteors 'neath the sky.
The old folks doze, the maiden fair
Their wooing swains delight;
Then rise ye from your fairy lair
To cheer the solemn night.
O sparkles, in the hour of dreams
Fling merrily your witching gleams,
While low and high ye blithely fly,
Fitting meteors 'neath the sky.
—Sweet World.

The Last of the Buffaloes.

"It was but four years ago," said W. S. Burrows, of Mandan, Dak., "that I bought 10,000 buffalo bones, and to-day it is about impossible to obtain one pair for love or money. According to the stories of hunters and trappers who have been engaged in their occupations for years, one small herd of buffalo exists at this time as a representative of the countless thousands that swarmed on the Western prairies and they have sought protection in the Yellowstone Park. There are about thirty in the herd and many of the tourists through the park last summer encountered them during their travels. Even these are likely to become exterminated, unless the Government takes vigorous measures for their security, as there whereabouts are known to a few daring spirits who will take desperate chances to kill them. If they can be decoyed near the boundary line of the park where detection would be difficult. The experiences of Taxidermist W. T. Hornaday, of the National Museum, in quest of specimens of buffalo for that institution, have already been given at length, and he had orders beside from European museums for some of these animals. After working industriously for two seasons, and traversing all the country north and west of Minnesota to the Canada line, he succeeded in finding two or three animals, which have been stuffed and mounted for the museum at Washington, and unless the United States Government decides to pick out a few of its only herd as a present to some European museum, the foreign orders never will be filled."—*St. Paul Globe*.

A Graceful Retraction.

"We wish," says a Colorado editor, "to retract our statement made last week that our esteemed fellow-citizen, Hon. Mr. Plumley, never was known to keep his promise. After reading the item in question Mr. Plumley happened to remember that during the heat of the recent political contest he promised to kick us out to the fair grounds, and he immediately came up to the office and executed his promise. In fact, he not only kicked us all the way out there, but kept it up most of the way back, and if he had not run out of breath we think he would have been kicking us yet. Mr. Plumley is a gentleman of his word, cultured and polished, and can kick like an Asiatic elephant."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Driven From Home.

American agitator—"I thought, you were the leader of the great army of unemployed in London. Why didn't you stay and see it through?"
English agitator—"I was driven out."

By the police?

"No. My name and address got into the papers and everybody in London was offering me work."—*Omaha World*.

JAY GOULD ON HIS TRAVELS.

Bill Nye Receives a Letter from Him for Publication—Odd Bits of History Gathered at Random.

The following private letter and MS. have just been received, and though only signed with the initials of the writer, there are many reasons why I am led to believe that both are the work of an old friend, Mr. Jay Gould, who is at present in the country where the letter is dated:

"AFOAT ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, IN THE GLOAMING, 1887."
"Mr. Wilhelm, 'outstandingly,' 'World' Office, N. Y., U. S. A."

"Sir: Would you mind using your influence in trying to get the inclosed piece printed in the *Sabbath World* and send me whatever it is worth in currency by registered mail, care lock-box 291 Rome, Italy? I am not earning anything this winter, being disabled by neuralgia, and so it has occurred to me that I might write some pieces for the paper, telling the sights and sounds abroad. If you print this letter, or use your influence to that end so that it gets into the paper, will you send me two or three copies and I will pay you in a few weeks. But, if you do not use it, I wish you would avoid making memoranda on it with a blue pencil, as several other editors have done, for it annoys me very much."

"Please do not make fun of the piece if you do not use it, as I am threatened with heart disease, and anything that makes me angry is apt to prove fatal. Atrophy of the heart is what it is called, and if I live forty-five years longer it will be about all I can expect, so please do not make light of my piece. Fraternally yours, J. G."

[Communicated.]

For some time we have been sailing o'er the untrilled bosom of the Mediterranean Sea. It is a beautiful sheet of water, which has been ploughed by many a keel as far back as history can inform us. It is from 20 to 200 feet in depth, and is well located to do the principal traffic between Europe and Africa.

An enormous quantity of water flows into the Mediterranean Sea, for a half dozen European rivers contribute to it, and the Atlantic Ocean also discharges its waters into this sea. And yet, owing to the hot, dry winds, which sweep across from the sandy wastes of Africa, the evaporation is very great and keeps the sea from overflowing its banks. This should teach us that even nature abhors a surplus.

Nothing can be more pleasant than a winter of cruising on this great sea on board a high-priced yacht, and I often wonder why so many poor people in New York should stay indoors and suffer all winter when they ought to go out and get the air of refinement which yachting on the Mediterranean alone can bring. The trouble with poor people is that they devote too much time to getting something to eat. Eating is not all that we live for. We should give a part of each year to travel, I think, for it broadens the mental vision and gives one a haughty and disdainful air which nothing but European travel or bracing on an elevated train can bring.

I would rather be a good road master of a good yacht on the Mediterranean than to live upstairs in New York.

We visited Milan not long ago. It is an inland town whose southern wall is washed by the Olona River. Otherwise the place is entirely unlauded. Milan, pronounced *Me-lan* by bearing down hard on the last syllable, is a railroad center in Northern Italy. It is eight miles in circumference and has ramparts around it. Milan points with pride to her ramparts. I often think that New York would invite more visitors from abroad if she had a better line of ramparts. There she sits in the eye of the world with her graceful Hoboken gondolas skimming the turbid wave; her feet are bathed by the waters of East River, one of the most stately streams, I think, that ever lay outdoors, and yet New York hasn't got a rampart to her beach.

The architecture of Milan embraces many types, but a good deal of it is medieval with a roof of the same. Florence, however, has some places that are mediævaler than those of Milan, I think. Milan used to have 240 churches, but 117 of them did not pay and were suppressed by Maria Theresa and Joseph II. Since that other churches have been doing well a few centuries ago have ceased to attract, and now there are not over eighty out of the original 240, and they have no trouble doing the whole business. I could have purchased a controlling interest in three churches here for \$17. The Cathedral at Milan is first-rate in every respect and doing well. I sometimes think that it is foolish for other churches to try to compete with a cathedral. They may succeed for a while, but sooner or later they will have to acknowledge that they cannot keep it up. Everywhere we go we find the Caucasian race in the ascendant. I sometimes think that the blood of the Caucasian is more largely red and has a wider circulation than any other. But this is a deviation from what I was saying.

The Cathedral was begun in the year 1366, and worked along toward completion till 1805, when Napoleon subscribed quite a large sum towards it and sent his team to haul lumber without charging for it.

Milan is situated in latitude 45.28 north and longitude 9.11 east. There are over 270,000 people now living in Milan, and the place supports one of the most wide-awake cemeteries in Europe. Milan also has a Corso, which I heard many speak of in the highest terms, though I did not go to visit it, fearing that it was some kind of a resort where liquor is sold.

Naples is a pretty good town to stand off and look at from the bay. It is located on the brow of a hill, extending from the Costello del Oro to the top of the Capodimonte, and, ranged around the semi-circular hills

as it is, it reminds me forcibly of Tompkinsville, Staten Island.

The newer streets of Naples are quite pretty, and extend several miles out beyond the town, like those of Fargo, Dak., where sidewalks several hundred miles in extent were built at the expense of the country. In this way Fargo had sidewalks that extended for miles in every direction through the neighboring farms, and the county paid for them. Fargo has been striving ever since to lift up her sidewalks. Aside from this there is little similarity between Naples and Fargo. The old streets of Naples are narrow and crooked and the houses are so high that a ripe pomegranate dropped from the roof on the plug hat of a passing tourist is permanently impaired and the hat prostrated.

Napoleonic people formerly used the Toledo, a street now called the Roma, for a kitchen, dressing room, bathroom, front hall and storm door. Here they ate, drank, slept, dressed and undressed their children, washed, ironed, quarrelled, sang, starved, begged, died, roasted chestnuts and prepared their macaroni and lazzaroni for the American market.

Naples claims to be the leading lazzaroni vine-yard of the world. We try to imitate her in New York, but we fail. We have poverty enough in New York and fluent, extemporaneous beggars as well as more or less disease, but we have not been able so far to unite our poverty and disease in such a way as to successfully imitate the picturesque lazzaroni of the East. Our poor people in America are too robust and our invalids are too many of them wealthy. So long as it is that way Europe and Asia will do our lazzaroni business in spite of all we can do to prevent it.

We can get up a fair specimen to look at, but it lacks age and the air of travel as well as the pleasing malformations peculiar to the lazzaroni bionteric of the Old World. I sometimes think that the reason Naples so long retained her supremacy over other cities in this line was largely due to the stimulation resulting from the close competition between Vesuvius and the local talent of the lazzaroni in the matter of eruptions.

Naples was at one time the county seat of a duke-dom, but there was no call for a duke-dom in that part of the country and so it was succeeded by a dynasty. The Suanian dynasty was successful and made money rapidly. There was a good deal of suffering among the poor people, but the dynasty did well and accumulated considerable property.

When Charles III. entered Naples in 1734 he

Love Keeps Young Forever.

Yes, I may see a younger face
Than mine, my old-time lover;
And his smile and his gentle grace
Know what fashion's fancies have,
I know what thou art thinking dear,
That human life may sever,
But never let thy heart grow faint—
True love keeps young forever.

If I had only loved thy form
When thou wert young and sprightly,
I might have changed, if time's rough storm
Had touched thee e'er so lightly.
But that soul's love which gave me cheer
Remains—forgotten never—
No matter what grows old, my dear,
True love keeps young forever.

I have met maids with winning airs—
They could not forge a fatter;
I know thy heart, I know not theirs,
And time holds me a debtor.
Dear, I am thinking of it now—
My light on life's dark river
And thus I seal upon thy brow
A love that's young forever.
—William Lytle.

BEYOND REACH.

BY J. E.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"And that is why I don't think you ought to become his wife," he went on eagerly. "A loveless marriage is a terrible thing. Fancy having with you day after day a person to whom you are utterly indifferent, or, perhaps, what is worse, that you absolutely dislike, for indifference between husband and wife often merges into dislike. A person who has nothing in common with you, whose pursuits, tastes, ideas, are totally unlike your own, and who will concede nothing, caring nothing for your whims and fancies."

"It must be very dreadful," agreed Dorothy in a low tone.

"Dreadful! My child, it is worse than dreadful; it is a living death for a woman to be tied to a man she dislikes. It is bondage for her, slavery, misery, without a single ray of sunshine to lighten the gloom of her heart and life. Many wives fade slowly away. The doctors call it decline, consumption, but it is of a broken heart they die, the result of the neglect and ill treatment of their husbands. Therefore, think, Dorothy—think and reflect well before you condemn yourself to such a fate."

"But what is the use of my thinking, Jack?" she asked helplessly. "I must do as papa and Aunt Elinor wish."

"Surely they won't force you to marry against your will?"

"I suppose not; but I haven't told them that it is against my will."

"Then you ought to do so."

"I—I couldn't. It would disappoint papa so much."

"Better to disappoint your father than to condemn yourself to such a life."

"Oh, Jack, I really couldn't—indeed I couldn't," she burst out, "interfere with their arrangements! I wouldn't dare to say anything to aunt. I have always obeyed her implicitly, and she tells me I shall be perfectly happy, and have everything I can possibly want, and—"

"Everything but love and content," muttered Bingham.

"So I must do as they wish. Besides, what excuse could I make? No one else wants to marry me," she concluded naively.

"Don't they?" he commenced, and then stopped short, for he felt a mad desire to take her in his arms and tell her that he longed to make her his wife, and cherish her as his titled adorer neither could nor would; but he knew that if he spoke the veil would fall from her eyes, and she would become aware of what, in her childlike innocence, she was ignorant—that she loved him; so he was silent, and he kept silent, with a mighty effort of his strong will.

"No, of course they don't," she rejoined with a sweet rippling laugh; "and if I reject him I shall be an old maid. And now we won't talk about him any more; let us have a cozy chat about the dance. Of course you are coming, and Blanche, and Mr. Hawthorne. I have been very busy getting ready my best bib and tucker, for some of Aunt Elinor's grand London friends are coming to stay here for it, and a regular professional beauty, Lady Fitzedine. Won't you be dining to see her?"

"I hardly think so. Dolly, tell me, when are you to be married? Is your wedding-day fixed?"

He asked the question abruptly; his lips were dry and parched; they could hardly form the words.

"Yes, it is fixed for the first week in May."

"And when does Lord Yarra come?"

"To-morrow."

And Jack left Hadlow Hall that night a very miserable man, but nevertheless under a promise to come the next day to dine, and to the dance, and whenever, in fact, the girl he idolized chose to ask him.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh, pain most bitter,
To look upon a rival's joy!

"You don't intend to go to-night, Jack, of course?"

"Of course I do, Blanche. Why shouldn't I?"

"Well," rejoined his sister hesitatingly, "there is no reason why you shouldn't, only I didn't think you would."

"Why, in Heaven's name?" he demanded irritably.

"Well, it can't be very pleasant for you to look on at Lord Yarra making love to Dorothy."

"I don't intend to look at him, I—"

"You won't get a chance, I think," remarked Hawthorne quietly, who was lunching with them at the vicarage.

"Shall I not?"

"Why?" enquired Blanche.

"Because, as far as I can see, the earl does not trouble himself by paying much attention to his fiancée."

"Indeed!"

"No; Lady Fitzedine just now seems more to his taste. He is always at her side, leading her about everywhere with an air of utter devotion, and never loses an opportunity of getting his head into very close proximity to hers, and seems to be whispering all sorts of soft nothings in her ear."

"Indeed!" repeated Miss Bingham; and I wonder how Dolly likes that?"

"She appears to like it very well—in fact, I think it just suits her. At any rate she doesn't seem to regard herself in the light of a slighted and neglected damsel."

"No; she doesn't care for him well enough to mind his indifference, but I fear it may be different when they are married. I hope she will be happy," and Blanche as she spoke gave a swift glance at Jack, who stood by the window gnawing his moustache, and gazing moodily at the park and stretch of woodland that lay between the vicarage and Hadlow Hall.

"I trust she will," said Hawthorne; "yet it is doubtful. Such men as Lord Yarra are incapable of very deep or very true affection. It is the last new thing, the last new fancy, that attracts their wandering fancy. That is plainly shown by his attention to Lady Fitzedine's age, and who is certainly built up by her maid, her milliner, and her perfumer."

"Yes; there is nothing natural about her. She is an odious woman. I can't think what he sees to admire in her. She is very vain, and her hair is actually red, and the dye only partly conceals its odious colour."

"Yes; still she is a woman of the world, with perfect savoir faire, and doubtless her manners fascinate him. She pays him so much attention, and tries to make herself agreeable to him."

"I wish she would succeed," exclaimed Blanche, as her brother left the room and went slowly down through the garden, "and, marry him; then there might be a chance for poor Jack. My heart bleeds for him, he looks so wretched and hopeless."

"Yes, poor fellow! but I fear her ladyship will not succeed in getting the earl to propose to her, and break off his present engagement. She is not the sort of woman to suit him as a wife—too masterful and managing—very amusing and entertaining as a friend or acquaintance, very disagreeable as mistress of a man's house."

"Yes, I can imagine that; and he is keen enough to know it, so I fear there is little chance of happiness for our lovers; and with a sigh, Miss Bingham put on her hat and her sealskin, and prepared to accompany her intended to the village on some errand of mercy."

Meanwhile young Bingham sauntered slowly on with downcast eyes and dejected air; the conversation to which he had just been listening was not calculated to raise his spirits.

He knew the girl he loved would be miserable as Yarra's wife, and it caused him the keenest pain to know that he was helpless, powerless, to alter her fate—to make her future bright and happy.

He worshipped her with all the strength and devotion of his great honest heart. She was the only part of his life that was worth living for; without her, existence would be a dreary blank, the world a howling wilderness.

In her centered all his hopes, all his ambitions, and she was lost to him as utterly and entirely as though she lay in her grave, and death divided them.

"If I could save her—only save her from such a fate!" he muttered, as his restless wandering feet led him towards Hadlow Wood; "but I am powerless, and must stand by and see my love sacrificed."

"Jack!" cried a clear ringing voice at that minute, and turning, he saw Dorothy coming swiftly towards him, swinging a little flower-basket in her hand.

"Whither away, fair maid?" he asked with a miserable attempt at gaiety. "I am going to the wood to look for violets and primroses; I want them for to-night."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Surely you will have other flowers sent you—gorgeous hot-house blooms."

"Possibly. But you see I prefer the wild woodland blossoms."

"Then may I come and help you to find some?"

"Yes, if you promise to work very hard, and find me a great many."

"Of course I will. I shall find double the quantity you will."

"I am not so sure of that."

"I am. I will prove it to you."

"Do."

And away they went like a pair of children, chatting and laughing, and looking in sunny nooks for fragrant violets and delicate primroses.

It was a glorious March day, fresh yet mild, with a wind just strong enough to be pleasant and exhilarating, and to shake the building rooks in the tall elm-trees.

The spring breeze was luring the bee from his hiding places—luring it to the dazling gorse flower, in whose rotund basket blooms was just honey enough to please the rider; was stirring the bright blue of the ground ivy and periwinkle, shaking the golden celandine, and rustling the bare branches, where green dots showed where future leaves were to come.

Nature was doing her best to make up for the long severe winter, and Jack Bingham and his fair companion both felt her genial influence.

To him it was unmixing bliss to be at Dorothy's side, and for a time he forgot all his misery, all his misgivings—forgot the empty barren years of life without her that lay before him; forgot that she was another man's promised bride—forgot all, save that he loved her, as he walked by her side, looking into the soft eyes, and listening with a lover's greed to the clear musical ring of the sweet voice.

"I think that ought to be enough, Jack, don't you?" she queried at last when her basket and hands were full of pale yellow and deep purple flowers.

"Well, I think it ought, certainly, unless you intend to have a whole dress made of them; and he looked down at his own burden of violets, which was not a small one."

"Of course I don't, you goose."

"Thank you, Miss Dorothy. But how am I to know in what way ladies employ such a vast quantity of flowers?"

"You are not supposed to know, therefore I will condescend to tell you. I am going to wear a white gown, and the neck and sleeves are to be trimmed with these, also I am going to carry a huge bouquet of them."

"That will look charming."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mlle. Boulanger, daughter of the celebrated French general, is believed to have retired to a Carmelite convent, owing to a love affair sternly forbidden by her father.

Thomas Dunlop, who had a grocery store at Reading, Pa., put a notice in his window that William Booser owed him \$4.82, and he is now being tried for libel.

NO PLACE FOR POOR MEN.

A Letter From the Argentine Republic.—An Ex-Militairean, Located at Buenos Ayres, Writes to a Friend His Observations.

A former Militairean, who is now a resident of Buenos Ayres, where he has been located for twenty-four years past, writes as follows to a well-known gentleman of this city who went to South America shortly after the war, and came back because he did not find things there up to his expectations:

"We have had two successive seasons of drought, which has left a great number of families in the greatest misery. Many lost every sheep they owned, and are left absolutely without home, money or employment. We have had for the last eight years prosperous times commercially—a reckless expenditure and wild speculations. The end has come. We are now in the beginning of the greatest crisis this country has ever had. Money is worth 3 per cent. per month. Paper money is worth just 66 cents on the dollar—a forced currency, with a tendency daily toward a greater depreciation. There will be blue ruin for some time. I think it is needed in order to reduce things to a normal standard. The expense of living here is something enormous. I do not at all exaggerate when I say it is necessary for a family to be most economical to live on \$300 per month. I mean this not for wealthy families, but for persons more or less in my own sphere of life. House rent is outrageous. A small house of say five rooms, removed from the center can not be had for less than \$70 to \$120 per month. Meat is really worth more than in London, when quality is taken into consideration. Taxes, too, are something frightful. As for instance, I pay a yearly city tax on my own little homestead of \$48. Add to this for lighting and cleaning, per month, \$160; and as soon as we have the sewerage and water laid in, \$6 in gold, or its equivalent (say \$8) more per month. A suit of clothes costs from \$35 to \$60; a hat \$10, and a pair of boots \$7 to \$10; a lady's hat something like \$20."

"Everything has increased with the exception of labor, skilled and otherwise. A good mechanic gets an average of \$2 to \$2.50 per day; a laborer, \$1.20 to \$1.50; camp hands, from \$10 to \$15 per month—the average is \$12. Clerks get from \$60 to \$120. A single man cannot live for less than \$80 per month, and that with economy. For the mere workingman, this is undoubtedly the worst place he could possibly be in. The labor market is overstocked. On the other hand, for a man knowing the country, and with a knowledge of business and capital, I know of no place where the profits are greater or even so good as here. If you are on the way to fortune, all is well. Should a man be unfortunate, or lack the means to establish something on his account, be it ever so humble, I believe he would better have never been born than have his lot cast here. I speak of what I know from sad experience. Even now, a moderate capital, with ability, is not to be risked in business here. The man who should attempt it would be swamped before he got a fair start. It is only large capital that can succeed. My own observation is that the poor are growing gradually poorer, while the rich are getting wealthier and wealthier as the years roll by."

"The lands are in the hands of a few, comparatively. In many cases hundreds of leagues are in possession of a single person or company. Good lands command very high rents. Formerly for the run of a flock of sheep, \$250 per annum was usual. Of late years from \$600 to \$800 has been charged and obtained, and good land is not always to be had even at that. We have plenty of rack-renters here, without going to Ireland. I regret to have to state our own countrymen and their descendants are the worst type. I do not mean to be understood that the foregoing applies to Irishmen as a class; only to a limited extent. It is strange, and at I believe quite true, that as a race, there is very little medium—we are as a rule either very good or quite the opposite."

The writer goes on to speak of the political condition of the Argentine Republic. He says the government is cursed by a degrading spirit of centralization. It is a republic only in name. Virtually it is an oligarchy of the worst kind. "This oligarchy rules supreme. Commerce, religion, education, everything, down to the minutest details of the most insignificant office is under the direct control of the central power. I believe it would make but little difference what men held the governmental reins, since there are no party principles such as you have in the United States. It is always a question between the ins and the outs. The President for the time being is but the chief of his party, and as long as he can distribute favors and fishes his acts are not questioned, except by the party laid out in the cold, and they are quite powerless. The army settles any little difference in voting. It is not votes but bullets that settle such matters. Every territory and province has its prepositional, in the shape of a governor. You doubtless consider yourselves in the states adepts in the manipulation of elections. You are mere novices compared to this our school. * * I do not see with pleasure you dispose fairly well of your political thieves, while here they have perfect immunity—the bigger the steal, the better, and the less said of it. It is only for a matter of ten cents or so that the screws are put on here."—*Weekly Wisconsin.*

A Fault of Some Mothers.

Quite a natural fault, and one exceedingly common, is for mothers to hold their infants altogether too much. By so doing they inconvenience themselves and injure their little ones. Very many mothers say that "it takes about all their time to attend to the baby."

In almost all instances where this is true it is their own fault. When once the bad habit is formed of taking the little one up as soon as it shows signs of waking, is restless, or disposed to cry, the mother is henceforth a slave to its caprices, and no tyrant can be more exacting. This is by no means a trifling matter. Into every home, however poor and humble, a baby should bring the sunshine of happiness; but does it always do this? It is doubtful if a single parent can be found to say no; and yet there are not a few who would, if they gave honest expression to their thoughts, say that the coming of the little one was a misfortune. The reason is obvious to the students of human nature, who are influenced by what they see, as well as by what they hear, and doubt the latter in the absence of proof.

If healthy, and a baby is properly managed from the first, it ought to, in its early months of life, pass eighteen hours in sleep. As age advances, the amount required becomes less; but even at two years it ought to sleep thirteen or fourteen hours out of twenty-four. There are more children who do not get this amount of sleep than there are who do, and yet it is essential to their well being. Now it is clearly apparent that mothers who are forced "to do their own work" need not sacrifice so much time to their infants as many do, and neglect their important duties; it is when they do neglect their other duties that distrust as to the actual blessing in the form of the baby begins.

There are, of course, exceptions, but in too many homes evidence is not wanting that the advent of a baby is more or less a hardship, which is shared by every member of the family. The mother, poor soul, finds her cares multiplied; and if the new-comer is troublesome, she may be forced, if not, she soon finds it easy, to neglect, or but imperfectly perform, her household duties. Disorder is most often the first symptom manifested; and this is soon followed by a lack of cleanliness, first in the mother's appearance, then in her surroundings, and finally the little one suffers from this grave fault. The husband finds his home less inviting, and the cheerful influence of the baby can scarcely compensate for the doleful change which has taken place about him. Both he and the mother, unfortunately though her own fault of management, must soon ask themselves, neither daring, however, to breathe a doubt to the other, "Was it after all for the best?" Many readers will say that it is drawn from the fancy of the writer, and yet some will recognize the picture as true as life, barely outlined though it is.—*Journal of Health.*

An Every-Day Coffin.

A horse-back traveler in Georgia, upon meeting a man in a lonely road, was startled by this question:

"Sav, mister, hain't seed nothin' uv a coffin layin' 'round nowhar, have you?"

"A coffin!" the traveler exclaimed.

"Yes, a plain sort uv ever-day coffin. You see, me an' Jim—that's my cousin—went up about six miles from here to a wood-work shop to git a coffin for a ole feller named Giles, that died down in our neighborhood yesterday, an' comin' on back, me an' Jim got outen the wagon to git some water outen a spring. Wall, sir, whut should we find lyin' right in the edge of that spring but a quart-bottle uv liker. Jim says, 'tap her,' an' I says, 'tap her,' Jim says, try her, an' I says, 'try her,' so Jim he then says he'd be dinged ef he didn't, an' he did. Then I tried her, an' Jim says, 'we'll take her along,' an' we tuck her. We drive on, an' ever' once in a while we'd tap her, till it 'peared that we wuz goin' altogether too slow for sich natchally brash fellers, so we whupped up the ole hosses, an' in runnin' over rocks, hearn the jig that the coffin wuz a dancin' an' we laughed powerful. After while the blamed hosses run away, an' we hearn the coffin doin' the buck, an' we hollered awful. 'Bout that time I 'gan ter lose my reckolekshun, an' the next thing that tuck much uv a hold on me wuz the fact that I wa'n't in the wagon a tail, but layin' ag'n a tree. I don't know how long I'd been there, but a right smart while, I reckon. I got up an' set out to look fur Jim. I found him settin' 'side uv the road wonderin' whut had become uv the team an' the coffin an' me. We knowed it wouldn't do to go back home without that coffin, fur the ole man was a needin' uv it, so ez we didn't know whar all we'd been drivin', Jim he set out one way an' me the other to look fur it. So, you ain't seed nothin' uv a ordinary coffin, have you?"

"No, I have not."

"Jest a plain every-day coffin?"

"No."

"Cheap, made outen pine, an' intended to fit a man that'll weigh one seventy-five?"

"I haven't seen anything of it."

"Didn't know but you mout have seed it layin' 'side the road. Must have jumped out when we got to runnin' over the big rocks. Ef I recollect, it had a knot-hole in one side. I spoke to the feller about it, but he 'lowed, he did, that a man had to have a r. I hate mightily to go home without it, fur them fellers at the tan-yard will giv me fur los'n it, an' the dead man's wife will be mad enough to fling bilin' water on me. W'y, bless my soul, yander it is!" pointing at something lying near the road. "I allus did think I wuz the luckiest feller in the world. Mister ef you will git down an' he'll be up with it up my shoulder. I'll be obliged to you. Wouldn't keer, you see, but I'm afraid the boys will giv me."

Of Course It Was Black. . . .

Editor—"How's this, young man? You speak of the fair bride as having hair black as the drive a snow. Where were you raised?"

Reporter—"In Pittsburgh, sir."

Editor—"Ah, yes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Struck the Wrong Man.

"I've been bothering my wife lately," said a First Ward man to a *Janetville* Gazette reporter, "by ringing the door-bell when I come home to dinner, and then hiding. At first she thought it was some of the youngsters, but finally found out that it wasn't. It began to look as though there might be a surprise party on my hands some day, so I decided to keep still until the family cooled down a little."

"But just as I was coming up at noon the other day I saw somebody on the front steps. He rang the bell just as I always had, and then waited. I knew in a minute there was trouble ahead. My wife was not in the kitchen, but I could see her through the window as she grabbed a broom and started for the door. She came through the front hall with a rush, and when the door came open that broom swung down on the peddler's head so hard that it made his teeth chatter."

"Perhaps you'll play that trick on your poor wife again, will you?" she remarked, cheerfully, swinging the broom around for a cushioned carom. "I think the joke is on my side this time."

The peddler didn't wait to hear any more. The first shock had planted him in a two-foot snow-drift, and when he got out he made a bee-line for the depot. By that time my wife had seen her mistake, and when I came out from behind the fence and walked up to the door she was the most surprised woman that ever lived. She hasn't said a word about door-bells since. But I don't know whether the joke isn't on me after all. When a man's wife can't tell him from a goose-to-seed look agent it is time something was done."

CLEVELAND'S POVERTY.

The President's Early and Prolonged Struggle with Poverty.

Farmers study the conditions surrounding a successful plant in its infancy, but the boyhood of men who make their way to the front attracts comparatively little attention, writes the Washington correspondent of *The Philadelphia Press*.

Take President Cleveland for instance. A good deal has been written about him, but concerning the details of his boyhood not much is known. His grandfather was an Irishman born, from County Clare, and his mother, Anne Neal, barely escaped it by being born in Baltimore just after her parents arrived on shore.

On the paternal side congenital influences were very strong, and eight of President Cleveland's family, grandfather and uncles, have a place of distinction in Appleton's "Cyclopedia of Biography." His great-grandfather died while a guest of Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia in 1757, and the great philosopher spoke of him as "humane in his life, easy and affable in his conversation, open and sincere in his friendship, and above every species of meanness and dissimulation." The President's grandfather introduced a bill into the legislature of Connecticut for the abolition of slavery.

Have been asked to what he attributed his careful and precise business habits the President replied: "To the fact that I was often in need of money when I was a boy. I learned, frequently from want of it the exact value of a York shilling, and I learned that shillings could not be honestly earned except by strict economy and great attention to the details of business."

When he was rising at three o'clock in the morning, and walking seven miles and back to earn a York shilling on the Erie Canal, or, later, when he served as chore boy in a country grocery at fifty dollars a year, or, later yet, when a man grog, he tramped through Utica and Syracuse without a dollar in his pocket and could not find anybody to hire him to do a job of work of any sort at any wages, or, still later, when he ransacked Buffalo in vain for days for the chance to serve somebody as office boy, he was reduced to just those extremities which make Anarchists of the cowards and cranks who inveigh against law and destiny.

Mr. Cleveland's neat, symmetrical and rather dainty handwriting was acquired while he was keeping books for the Blind Asylum in New York just as he was sixteen.

Grover is understood to have been a little backward at the "destrict school" of Fayetteville, N. Y., always preferring fishing to fractions. When he was Governor an old man appeared at the Capitol, and introducing himself as the Governor's old schoolmaster, said: "I remember I gave you the birch three times for going fishing in Chenango creek, and I have called to apologize."

"Don't you do it!" said the Governor, "don't you do it! I am very much indebted to the lickings I have received."

A Blind Man's Ingenuity.

"Will you please set my watch right and tell me what the time is now; it has run down?"

The speaker was blind and he handed a handsome gold stem-winder to a friend. The friend but the watch right, told the time and then handed it back to his blind friend, saying, "Of what use is a watch to you? How can you tell the time?"

"You have just set the watch at a quarter of two," said the blind man, "and now it is fully wound up. If I wish to know what the time is this evening I shall rewind the watch and count each of the clicks as I turn the key. There are forty-five clicks, for example. Now I found them nine clicks correspond to 100 minutes, so that if there are forty-five clicks it will mean that eight hours and twenty minutes have elapsed since the time the watch was set, making the time five minutes past ten o'clock. I always remember what the time was when I wound it up last, and so by a little care and calculation can always come very near what the time is."—*New York Mail.*

My Old Vag.

I used to try and figure on how much longer he could hold out. He was a man of 50 when I first knew him, and drink and exposure had then made a wreck of him. It's singular about these tramps and vagabonds. Once in awhile there's something in one of them which will make you take to him in spite of his rags and vice and drunkenness. Old Jack was uncouth, red-faced and ragged, but he came in with his hat in his hand and made every effort to keep his legs under him as he said:

"In case you can overlook my present condition I should like to be given a show."

He got it. Thereafter he attached himself to me. I became his banker. The feeling gradually grew upon him that, no matter how luck went with him, he had a reserve to fall back upon. I put him above other vagabonds in point of independence. He invariably used the same words and sentence in addressing me, and I never replied with a word. For the first five or six weeks he went over the whole sentence as I have given it above. Then, as he felt that formality could be dispensed with, he abbreviated it to:

"Overlook my condition and lend me a dime."

It meant the same thing and saved time. He had three regular days in the week for coming, and many a time I have stopped at the postoffice to get change so that he should not be disappointed. The police got hold of him one night and ran him in, and he was sent up for thirty days as a vag. I saved out his dimes at regular intervals, paying them up in a pigeon-hole, and on the day he came out he came to see me. There had been a break in our arrangements, and he felt that an explanation was due me. He began clearing his throat to make it, but I handed over the money. He slowly counted it over, found the sum was correct, and went out with the observation:

"We does his nuss on a reg'lar system, we does."

As time went by and he felt himself more sold, he abbreviated his "open up address" still further. He came in, staidied himself on the corner of the desk, and said:

"Present condish—ten cents."

He acted as if he expected a kick or a protest on my part, but there was none. I don't think he ever satisfied himself as to my motive in giving. For a long while he must have argued that I was baiting a trap for him, and would some day read him a lecture on temperance and industry, but as the days went by and nothing of the sort occurred he felt more at ease. On several occasions he waited a minute as if anxious to have me ask him why he didn't brace up and become a better and different man, but I didn't do it.

Old Jack finally became jealous of me. That is, jealous of his income. One day there was a wrangle in the hall-way. A strange vagabond had come up to hit somebody for a dime, and old Jack had followed after to say to him:

"Who yer going to strike, because I've got rights up here?"

"Who he you as talks so b'g? Do you own th's foundry?"

"I say I've got rights as no bundle o' bones must interfere with! You skip!"

"I won't!"

"Then I'll make yer!"

And the strange tramp was hustled down stairs in a manner to damage every square inch of his anatomy. On another occasion, when I was conversing with an old vag on the market, my friend happened to pass. He didn't proceed to violence, but he gave me such a look of reproach that I felt it for a week. There was that in the look which accused me of an intention to swap yags and secure a cheaper one, but after a week or two Jack evidently realized that it was only a chance meeting and that I was not to blame.

One regular pay day I again missed him. He was always on time to the minute, and when he did not show up I was somewhat alarmed. Had the police run him in again? Had the end finally come? I was waiting and wondering, when a bit of a bootblack appeared and handed me a piece of brown wrapping paper on which was scrawled:

"Condish—ten."

Thereafter, every pay day for the next three weeks, the boy came for the money. Neither of us asked a question, but I suspected that old Jack was laid up somewhere with sickness. After the third week the boy ceased to come, nor could I hear of the old man. His "salary" was regularly laid aside for him for six weeks, and then I started out one day to hunt him up. After a long search I found him in a riverside hotel. He had been wild and delirious for many days, and had come out of it only to die. He lay on a bed of rags, his face pinched and drawn and pale, and as I bent over him I was hardly sure of his identity. He knew me at once, and as I took his hand he whispered:

"Condish—ten!"

I put his salary into his palm, and he died grasping it. And now I wonder if he did not say at Heaven's gate:

"In case you can overlook my present condition I should like to be given a show!"—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

Humanity Much Alike Everywhere.

A correspondent wants to know why Atlanta has no historical society. Well, the man and overpowering reason is that the pioneers are afraid they would be called on to contribute fifteen cents for some purpose or other.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Right to the Point.

Magistrate—"If I discharge you this time, Uncle 'Rastus,' what will you do?"

Uncle 'Rastus—"Well, yo' honor, ef yo' discharges me I spect I'll off!"—*Harpers Bazar.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

MOCK LEMON PIE.

One-half cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, and one-half cup water; beat the eggs, add the rest, beat all together, and place in a crust the same as for a custard pie. When done, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add a tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of extract of lemon, spread over the pie, return to the oven and brown. This makes a small pie.

CHICKEN FLITTERS.

Cold chicken, salt and pepper, lemon juice, batter. Cut the cold chicken in small pieces, put in a d.-sh. season with salt, pepper and juice of a lemon. Let this stand one hour. Then make a batter of two eggs to a pint of milk, a little salt, and flour enough to make a batter not too stiff. Stir the chicken in this, drop it by spoonfuls in boiling fat. Fry brown, drain and serve.

APPLE CAKE.

Take light bread dough and shorten it, or make a crust just as you would for soda bread, and roll out about one-half inch thick, then cut good sour apples into quarters, and again into eighths, and place in rows on the crust, sprinkle with sugar and spice to the taste, and bake, or you need not season but just a very little, and make a sauce of butter, sugar and water and pour over it.

SAGO PUDDING.

Boil three

The Upsilon.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1888.

Gen. Butler Doesn't Like It.
Boston, Mass., Feb. 27.—The Journal to-morrow will print a long interview with Gen. Butler upon the subject of the fishery treaty, in which, after discussing its provisions in detail, the General says: "This treaty is simply as the treaty of Washington of 1871 and the Halifax arbitration of the fishery question, a surrender of the rights of the United States and the dignity and power of her people to the social influence at Washington of the British aristocracy."—Tribune.

Willis.

To Clifford Sanderson and wife, a boy last Sunday.

Dan Hitchingham, who has been quite sick with rheumatic fever, is able to be around again.

A horrible death, one day last week while Mr. Mervin Pool and wife (colored) were in attendance at the funeral of a sister-in-law, in south part of Augusta, one of their girls about eleven years old was burned so severely by her clothes catching fire that she died the next day. In their sad affliction, Pool's folks have the sympathy of every one in this vicinity.

James Nugent arrived home from New York state last Saturday night where he has been on a visit for 3 or 4 weeks, reports having a good time amongst the Excelsors.

Miss Edith Strong of Jerome was visiting at Andrew Fisher's last week.

Mrs. Mary U. Russell was visiting in Monroe Co. last week.

Born to Wm. Thorne and wife, a girl, also to Nelson Ashley and wife a girl.

Mr. Wm. Gotts and Miss Eppa Williams, of Sumpter, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, on the evening of the 22d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Smart, of Detroit. A company of about fifty friends assembled to witness the ceremony and join in the congratulations. The refreshments served, and the social feast shared, were alike choice. Many beautiful and valuable gifts were presented to the young couple, whose domicile will be established near Rawsonville.

Stony Creek.

Mr. MacMahon is improving.

Mr. E. Bason's eye is troubling him again.

Mrs. J. Sweet is visiting friends at Millford.

Miss Ada Crum, who has been spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. MacMahon, returned to her home in Watkins, N. Y., last week.

Miss Lizzie Pearson has returned from her visit with friends in Superior and Ypsilanti.

The Young People's Club met with Miss Bertha Rogers last Wednesday afternoon and evening. A fine time is reported.

The social at W. Barr's last Friday evening was not very well attended owing to the storm.

Miss Leafa Olcott of Milan is visiting friends in this vicinity.

The whooping cough is quite the rage at this place. All the children have the bark.

The Mission Band held their monthly meeting last Sabbath evening. The program was very interesting. Mrs. J. K. Campbell gave a very interesting article concerning the different religions of the Chinese.

There will be a social at the residence of David Gardner's, March 9. All are cordially invited to attend.

Prof. George of the Normal School gave an interesting lecture on local option to a small but interested audience, last Saturday evening.

I. N. Bumpus lost a valuable horse last week by drowning in the river. He was a full brother to "Jay Eye See."

Lima.

A very pleasant affair took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hindorfer of Freedom last Tuesday, it being the marriage of their daughter Christina to John Schotter also of Freedom. The ceremony occurred at 11:30 a. m., after which the assembled guests sat down to a sumptuous feast, not less than two hundred were present, of which your correspondent was one. The afternoon was passed pleasantly, and at the proper time supper was served, and the younger of the company remained to enjoy the festivities of the evening which included dancing. The contracting parties were well known in Lima, and will accept our hearty congratulations. The gifts were many, both useful and pretty, and showed the esteem in which the newly married couple were held.

The good people of Lima met at the M. E. Parsonage at Lima Centre last Wednesday evening. The occasion was a reception to the pastor, Rev. H. Palmer and wife who had been united in wedlock the day previous at the residence of the bride, Miss M. M. Craig of Unadilla, about one hundred were present, and all enjoyed a good time.

Lodi.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bassett rejoice over the advent of a new daughter.

Adam Clump has lost his only son, a child three months of age.

A. A. Wood attended the banquet at Detroit last week, and from there went to Lansing to attend the meeting of the ex. board of the Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association.

Mr. E. N. Bissell of Shoreline, Vt. the well known sheep breeder, is in town this week, the guest of A. A. Wood. Mr. Bissell is looking over the Michigan flocks in quest of some first class Merino sheep for S. McCaughey of Australia.

Notwithstanding the rough weather and rougher roads of election day, the Germans of this town made a grand effort to get out to vote, in order to preserve for themselves the comfort and enjoyment which according to the Washenaw Post is found in a glass of beer. The comfort of the families of the men who drink the beer is of course, beyond question.

University Notes.

It is understood that twenty-two of the literary students are continuing their vacation by advice of the faculty. Freshmen Medics are enjoying the lectures of Prof. Rogers on Medical Jurisprudence.

A slight blaze in one of the hospital halls, the other night, was promptly extinguished by the road-master and an assistant.

Dr. J. H. Vincent lectured in his usual happy style on "That Boy," to a large audience in University Hall, Saturday evening. He filled the pulpit of the M. E. Church on Sabbath, both morning and evening, to the great satisfaction of a large congregation.

Dr. Lyster has begun his lectures on Theory and Practice of Medicine, and Dr. Gibbs on Pathology. Both are doing work well appreciated by students in those departments.

Prof. Hinsdale, successor to Prof. Payne in the Literary Dept., is well received. There are two more vacancies to supply at the close of the year. Prof. Dewey has accepted a position in the University of Minnesota, and Prof. Schabert goes to take charge of the Lick Observatory.

Every body is disgusted at the failure of the authorities to preserve decent order at the Monday election.

Parkly Horses.

Good authorities on the horse agree that a balky horse should never be whipped or abused in any manner. One writer says: "If he won't go, let him stand still and think it over. He will very often think better of it, and after a few moments' reflection, and a few tosses of his head, go on of his own accord; or, if this does not answer, get out of the wagon and pat him, and talk to him kindly. Sometimes it is well to loosen a strap or start a buckle. I have known the mere act of unchecking and rechecking the animal to answer the purpose, and stop a determination to resist. For this same reason an apple, or a bunch of grass from the roadside, or a handful of oats, or a few kernels of corn, will often accomplish what an hour's beating could never effect. If the above does not start him, pat the horse on the neck, examine him carefully, first on one side, then the other; if you can get a handful of grass give it to him, and speak encouragingly to him. Then jump into the wagon and give the word go, and he will generally obey."

2. Taking the horse out of the shafts and turning him around in a circle until he is giddy will generally start him. 3. Take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore legs just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel it; tie in a bow knot; at the first click he will probably go dancing off. After going a short distance you can get out and remove the strings to prevent injury to the tendons. 4. Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs, and tie it by a cord to the saddle-girth. 5. Tie a string around the horse's ear, close to the head; this will divert his attention and start him.

Selecting a Horse.

One of the vanities of some men, and a costly one, too, is an ambition to be thought a good judge of horse-flesh. Jockeys, taking advantage of this vanity often turn the silly self-conceit to their own advantage. Mr. Gleason, "Professor of Horse-Training," whose skill in subduing obdurate animals is extraordinary, gives good advice to buyers: He advises to never select a horse having long ears, lined inside with long, straight hair.

Do not buy one that is narrow between the ears and between the eyes; or that has flat, round eyes, in sunken orbits, and nostrils short and thick; for he will certainly prove a beast of small intelligence, hard to teach, incapable of remembering and liable to be obstinate, just as stupid persons are.

Do not buy the horse that is narrow at the top of the head, bulging between the eyes, and has a sunken, dish-like face between them; for he is sure to be vicious and treacherous.

But take the horse that has short ears, curly hair inside them; that is broad between the ears and eyes, with a regular, straight face, and large, thin nostrils; for in him you will find an intelligent, spirited, yet willing servant and faithful friend, if treated rightly.

Old Farm Wagons.

A good, strong and always reliable wagon is a necessity to every farmer. The loss by breakages and cost of repairs or setting tires and the like on many old wagons kept in use from mistaken ideas of economy will pay heavy interest on a new one. Unless this is kept under shelter, however, when not in use, it will soon become dilapidated. A coat of paint once a year will not only make it look new but will keep it firm and solid for many years. A shrewd wagon maker will often remark that it was not his interest to have noteholding farmers buy his wares. Those sold several miles distant he did not regret; but he makes a repair shop as well, and he could make more from near-by farmers' repairing their old wagons than from selling new ones.

Change the Ground.

One mistake in poultry-keeping, a writer in the Homestead says, is in running the hens on the same plot of ground continually. I believe it to be a fact that they will not do as well in the same quarters as when running there a few years. That has been my experience, and I have come to the conclusion that some cheap but warm shelter should be made and every few years removed to an entirely new spot. There is no doubt in my mind that a small flock of hens, well cared for, is good property. The farmer must look out for the little things as well as the larger ones, in order to be successful, and also be prudent and industrious, possessing good judgment and perseverance. If endowed with all of these, he may as well farm in New England as the West, for he will be prosperous in either location without doubt.

Coffee Cakes.

One cupful of seeded and chopped raisins, one cupful of sugar, half a cup of butter, ditto of cold, strong coffee, half a cupful of molasses, two and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, two eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of powdered cloves, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in small cakes.

Pie Crust.

For one pie take one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one-half teaspoonful of salt; mix well; then add one-half cupful of water. If a flaky top crust is desired take enough dough for one crust, roll thin, spread butter over it and roll up and let it stand while filling in the fruit, when it will be ready for use.

Scalloped Tomatoes.

Scalloped tomatoes are made of alternate layers of peeled and minced tomato and bread or cracker crumbs, beginning and finishing with the vegetable. Moisten the crumbs with milk and bits of butter, or with cream, or cold gravy; bake slowly for a long time.

The Strangest of Paul of Russia.

The conspirators first met and drank deep in the night, so that none of them were really sober when they appeared before Paul. They had already murdered the sentry in the passage and on finding the door of the Emperor's room offered some resistance, Paul broke it open. He had in his hand when he did so a snuff-box given him by Paul only a few days previously, when the Emperor had spoken to him of a conspiracy on foot, and when Paul had reassured him by asking how that could be, "or if there were such a thing I should be sure to have heard of it."

Now the half-naked Czar confronted Paul with the angry exclamation: "What, you there, Paul!" Beningsen then stepped forward, acting as spokesman for the rest, and told the Emperor that he must abdicate. Up to this moment, thanks to the complicity of the officer on duty at the foot of the staircase, the conspirators had had it all their own way but now a noise frightened them and made them fear that a rescue was being attempted. It really came from the Empress's rooms. She, hearing the scuffle ran out and swooned at the sight of Paul's door. An attendant offered a glass of water, but the Cossack on guard in her passage, fearing treachery also in this case, dashed down the glass and ran to fill another from a source which he knew was unpoisoned.

Meanwhile to the frenzy of their deep passions, the conspirators had added the stimulant of fear. Paul must die; he must not be rescued, must not survive to tell who had threatened him, nor even to plot, in an enforced confinement, vengeance on those who had robbed him of power.

He had already tested the trap-door, and, on finding it locked, had given way to a paroxysm of terror and fury. Then it was that the armed men closed in upon him; the brothers Zubov, so eager for revenge, being the keenest, and Nicholas Zubov striking the first blow with a chair. This prostrated him. The sash of Paul seemed to be the weapon most suitable for their purpose, namely, to inflict a violent death which would leave few traces of violence, and which might be ascribed to a fit. The Cossack's sash was tied around the Emperor's neck, and then the officer on guard (a Russian pur sang), noticed a strange instance of the divinity which in the native Russian breast, does hedge in the White Czar. All the Russians fell back, and as Beningsen pulled the ends of the scarf to strangle him, they said to each other, aside and in Russian: "It is a dog's trick—better let the German dog do it."

Risky Themes.

It is a sign of the times that what are termed "racy" novels are the most run after by the fiction reading public and consequently those most readily accepted by certain publishers.

In this money-getting, money-grabbing age, some publishers and authors seem to have met on common ground in pandering to a vitiated public taste and producing books which will not bear the test of being read aloud in the home circle. Among the worst offenders in such novel writing are women, who choose risqué subjects to write on, and dwell with a minuteness of detail on topics which the pure-minded of their sex would hesitate to speak of. There are exceptions as we have said—women who do not degrade their talents, but write with a purity of purpose books which it is a pleasure to read and reread.

Can any one, looking at the question of nineteenth century light literature from an unprejudiced point of view, say that the style of writing now is an improvement on that which obtained a century ago? The novels of those days were decidedly coarse, their plainness of speech corresponding with the habits and customs of the period; but books were then written with the laudable intention of showing up the vices, of which they treated, and if possible fashioning such vices by pungent and scathing satire; thus being in advance of fashionable modern society novels, which though more refined in speech are more destructive to morality, in that the authors gloss over sin, picturing it in alluring colors, wrapping it up in sensuous word painting, and while professing to disapprove, yet setting it before youthful imagination in anything but its hideous reality; or else write in such matter-of-fact, every-day commonplace sort of a light of vice as to rob it of its actual criminality.—Chambers Journal.

Nationality of European Monarchs.

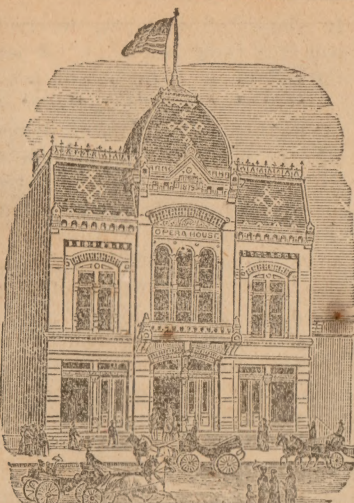
It is a curious fact that there is hardly a reigning monarch in Europe whose family is of the same nationality, pure sang, as the people governed. The house of Austria is really the house of Lorraine, and even in their origin the Habsburgs were Swiss. And if the Emperor Francis Joseph be not, strictly speaking, an Austrian, still less is he a Hungarian, although he is king of Hungary. The king of the Belgians is a Saxe-Coburg; the king of Denmark a Holsteiner; the king of Italy a Savoyard; the king of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreigners; the founder of the Bernadotte dynasty of Sweden was born at Paris less than a century ago; the czar is a Holsteiner; the king of the Hellenes is likewise a Holsteiner. Even in the British royal family there is very little English blood left. The Hohenzollerns were originally Swabians, and therefore partly Bavarian and partly Swiss. It was the historic house of Orange, in which patriotism has nearly always been the first instinct, Dutch to begin with.

The Tables Turned.

Old Jacob Barker, one of the early lights of Wall street, once took offense at some action of his bank. A few days after he presented \$40,000 in bills—a much larger amount than the same figures represent nowadays—and demanded specie for them. The bank officials were equal to the emergency, but thought to revenge themselves for the scare Barker had given them; so they rolled out 40 kegs of \$1,000 each, the teller explaining that the kegs were filled with 5 and 10 cent pieces. Barker saw the point, and justified his reputation for shrewdness. He ordered the whole 40 kegs to be unheaded on the spot, took a careless handful of coin from each keg, then calmly said that he desired to have the remainder placed to his credit. The bank had to lose his valuable custom or take his money, so it chose the latter; but the monetary content of the forty kegs' contents consumed many a profligate hour.

Apples for Stock.

Feed the wind falls and other inferior fruit, especially if the crop be heavy, to farm animals will be the better off for receiving some. Cows given a few daily will improve in flesh, appearance and the yield of milk. Feed to sheep in connection with hay and grain, they tone up the system of these to good effect. The richer sort of apples will be worth the most if kept by themselves and turned into the swine; they will help along fattening perceptibly. Boiling or steaming them for swine is an advantage. The very relish that horses have for apples, is enough to indicate how beneficial they must be to them as food.



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Julia Marlowe!

Supported by her own company, in the play in 5 acts,

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Parthenia, Miss Julia Marlowe.

Usual Prices of Admission:

Reserved Seats for sale at Dodge's.

NEXT WEEK—Ezra Kendall and Minnie Madden.

New Flour & Feed Store

RATHFON BROS.

have opened a new Flour and Feed Store in the building on Washington street lately occupied by Bennett's livery, where they are prepared to buy and sell all kinds of

GRAIN AND FEED

A scale has been erected in front, and their facilities are first-class.

They solicit a share of the patronage, and invite all to come in and see them.

HURON STREET HARDWARE

CHAS. M. NORTON,

Successor to J. H. Samson.

Huron St., Opposite Sanitarium.

The store is freshly stocked with a complete assortment of

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE,

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An EXPERT TINNER is employed, and all kinds of shop work thoroughly and promptly executed. Estimates on Roofing and Guttering Furnished.

Everything regarding quality and prices of goods will be done to merit the confidence of the public.

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For anything that should be found in a stock of

Drugs, Books, Jewelry,

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OR FANCY GOODS.

Frank will be glad to see you, and will take less money from you than any other dealer in the county, and you may always feel sure of the best goods and no mistakes made.

The largest stock of Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Trusses of all kinds, and prices always better than one-quarter off.

"TOULON--TOULOUSE."

This was the answer to the conundrum, What two French cities are suggested by the little man's bad fitting pants? A more satisfactory answer as to what ailed the pants would be that they were not bought of

Alban & Johnson

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CLOTHIERS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS,

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All of their Clothing Fits, it is well made, it is just as represented, it embraces everything in the line,

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PRICES ARE LOW!

Come in and see for yourselves.

One Rule For All—"SPOT CASH!"

HOW DOES IT WORK? SPLENDID.

We spend no time working on books as you see men doing who give time on goods or use the credit system. We save the worth of that labor and extra profit they have to charge for worthless accounts, and give the benefit to our customers.

We pay spot cash for produce, and keep the very best; we buy no adulterated goods; we spend our time in looking up bargains for our customers and waiting upon them promptly when they call; and our prices induce them to call twice.

If you want a cup of as fine Black Tea as you ever drank call for some of ours; we sell it at a spot cash price. Bring a silver dollar and see how much first-class Japan Tea you can get for it at the Spot Cash Store.

Bring your finest quality of fresh sweet butter and get cash for it.

We endeavor to keep an assortment of goods in our line and turn them often. The interest on money for a six months' over stock will eat up a satisfactory margin for us. Six bars of Bouncer Soap for 25 cents. All goods sold on Cash Margins at

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MEAT MARKET,

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New Line of Kennedy's Sweet Goods. Those Cocoa Nut Macaronis are fine. Oneida Community Mince Meat. Try those Cough Cherries. Fresh Fruits and Confectionery this week. New Maple Syrup.

Harris Bros. & Co.

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We have the largest and best stock of Fresh and Salt Meats, etc., in the city. Call and see.

Smoked Hams, - - - 12 Cents
Smoked Bacon, - - - 12 Cents
Smoked Shoulders, - - - 8 Cents

H. FAIRCCHILD & CO.

Chronic Diseases a Specialty!

DR. A. B. SPINNEY,

Medical Superintendent of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium, has opened an office on the ground floor of the Sanitarium, where he is prepared to examine and treat all forms of Chronic Diseases. Special attention will be given to the treatment of

CATARH, THROAT, LUNG,

—AND—

EYE AND EAR DISEASES!

Persons suffering from diseased vision and unable to find glasses can have their eyes examined and glasses made to order. Dr. Spinney has been 15 years in active general practice, also 19 years in the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 4 p. m.